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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









JENNIE COLE BLAKE.

A  
SOUVENIR

FROM  
✓  
JENNIE C. BLAKE.

DEDICATED  
TO HER MANY FRIENDS IN THIS AND  
OTHER LANDS.

629. N  
—  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.  
1891.



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JENNIE C. BLAKE,

1891.





## UNSEEN REALITIES.

Christendom stands aghast at the "Eclipse of Faith." In our own land thousands of churches are unused, or draw but a score of worshipers. The average Protestant congregation is four-fifths women. Science loudly vaunts its final victory over religion. Bob Ingersoll is the most popular preacher, except Talmage. Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer are the favorite teachers.

But a reaction has set in. The Unseen World, that has in all ages and nations fitfully set its gates ajar, began some fifty years ago to methodically and persistently force upon the notice of mortals the fact that it exists, and that its life is even more real than the earth life.

Although much actual or alleged fraud has been, naturally enough, mixed with these manifestations, millions of materialists have been convinced of these facts by "Modern Spiritualism."

Many noted scientists still scoff—but a long list of names can be given of those who do not. Even Prof. J. W. Draper, author of "Conflict Between Religion and Science," says: "That the spirits of the dead occasionally revisit the living, or haunt their former abodes, has been in all ages, in all European countries a fixed belief, not confined to rustics, but participated in by the intelligent. \* \* \* \* If human testimony on such subjects can be of any value, there is a body of evidence reaching from the remotest ages to the present time, as extensive, as unimpeachable as is to be found in support of anything whatever." And Prof. John Fiske, of Harvard, long the lead-

ing American Spencerian, now acknowledges his belief in a personal God and the continuity of life.

In England we find Prof. Crooks and his fellow committeemen, reporting amid a storm of scientific indignation: 1.—That the facts of Spiritism are real. 2.—Whether by spirits or other unknown entities, they upset all the received ideas of natural law. In England also, such writers as Baxter, Wesley, Shelley, Tennyson, the Howitts and the Brownings, long ago accepted the facts. There too, Profs. Crooks and Wallace, and such great minds as a Sergeant Cox, Sinnett, Oliphant, Marion Crawford, Gerald Massey, Anstey and Mrs. Besant are fearlessly placed among those of believers.

In France, where Flammarion is strongly with us, leading the hosts of converts, the Academies, who stupidly derided mesmerism, one hundred years ago, have now rediscovered it and christened it Hypnotism. In Russia 130 most noted names were signed to a protest against the adverse report of the Russian scientific bigots.

In our own land, thirty to forty years ago, such noted men as the following boldly joined us: Horace Greeley, Robert Dale Owen, Judge Edmonds, J. R. Newton, Prof. Hare, Prof. Mapes, Prof. Buchanan, Wm. Denton, A. J. Davis, Wm. Fishbough, T. L. Harris, Dr. Chapin, Geo. Hepworth. Not many now risk their temporal welfare by openly joining us like Prof. Kiddle. Most prefer to call Spiritualism a great wonder which they don't quite understand. They thus get credit for great profundity. Such are Edison, Beecher, Talmage, Heber Newton, Prof. Coues, Lyman Abbott, Leland Stanford, David Swing, Minot Savage.

The attitude of Christendom toward this question may be thus summed up. The honest members of all sects, except the Comptists, are Spiritualists.

In the following pages are specimens of one of the most marvelous phases of Mrs. Blake's mediumship—the poetical.

About four years ago, she began to give forth these poems, under all sorts of conditions. One result was, that when some found their way into print, urgent requests came from editors that the "gifted authoress" should write poetry for them at a

“regular salary.” She had to reply, that the real authors of the poems had such treasures in heaven, that no salary was any object to them, or could command their services.

On one occasion the subject of the poem, given by a spirit, came in form of a boy, looking so life-like that she asked him what he wanted. In many instances the poems were written through her hand, while she was in a trance.

“The Scottish Mother ” was written out through her hand while she was engaged in a lively domestic conversation with relatives ; she quite ignorant of what she was writing.

On another occasion a stranger child, fed by her in charity, was made the subject of the poem : the spirit giving the child’s name correctly, as was afterward proved.

The poems that have been copied number 1500. Many fugitive pieces of great merit have not been recorded. Her controls often make their answers in poetic style.

It will be observed that these effusions go “from grave to gay”—reach to the extremes of gravity and gaiety. The rollicking Irish poet, Colman, (quite a literary person) has often come back to revise and edit his own and others poems.

When Artemas Ward died, a noble English poet said of him :

“Has he gone to the land of no laughter—  
This man who made mirth for us all ?”

Some of these poems should forever settle the question whether the spirit world is “a land of no laughter.”

Finally, this little volume is intended as a *Souvenir* from Mrs. Blake to her friends, scattered abroad through this and all lands. It but faintly illustrates the poetical riches she has stored up in such a curious way ; but she is assured that many will prize it, at least as a new evidence that the gates, opening into the inner life, are not only “ajar”—but wide open.

Brooklyn, Jan. 1891.

C. E. B.

## THE YOUNG SCOTTISH MOTHER.

I canna remember when I came o'er the heather,  
For I laid with my wee one right close to my side—  
And its father, in joy, bent his head and caressed me,  
Saying, "Now you're a mother, my darling, my bride."

And when I awoke 'twas in a strange bed of roses,  
My mother was there, looking down into my eyes,  
Saying, "Daughter awake now, from this your last slumber,  
You have conquered and won, you shall now have the prize."

I then asked for my home, and I asked for my loved ones,  
I asked for my baby that had lain by my side,  
My mother said, "Daughter, we will tell you hereafter,  
You are now with the spirits—you came with the tide."

And now, 'mid the flowers, I am watching and waiting,  
To welcome my wee one that did lie at my side.  
I hear the bells ringing, for joy that they are bringing,  
My own dear darling baby, my loved one, my pride.

---

*To Mr. L.—from his mother.*

Ask me not, why I come—give me a welcome—  
Watching a loved one calls me here again :  
Fondly I'd call thee, to my heart I'd press thee,  
Were it not, shadows do not long remain.

Oft, in the night, when sleep had closed thy eyelids,  
I have pressed kisses on your quiet brow—  
Mother love brought me, and that love still holds me,  
Could you but see me standing near you now.

Though years have passed, still I will watch beside thee,  
Watch o'er my boy, though manhood claims him now.  
I will not leave—I never will forsake thee,  
Yet for the present, with love, say adieu.

## GOOD vs. EVIL.

Roll on your fiery wheels—nor drop your sparks—  
With demons load your car, and thus depart—  
Now haste your fiery dragons through the air,  
Nor dare to drop a thought to cause despair.  
Begone, in haste, and bear your hellish freight  
Back to their homes, where evil ones await  
Their coming, to learn what they have done—  
If by their hellish purposes, a single soul they've won.  
Whip up your dragons—get you off from here!  
Go on—for by the sword of Truth, the way I'll clear.  
No place is here that you can ever stay—  
Depart—and with your evil spirits haste away.  
Nay, do not turn, nor look back with regret,  
Nor think your evil wishes are not banished yet—  
Your power has gone, so go back to your home,  
For in a soul where Truth abounds, for you there is no room.  
Take back your spears of lead, for they are useless here.  
For in your evil homes you'll surely need them there.  
Your mouth is closed, to hide your forked tongue,  
Your bow is broken—all your arrows gone.

---

## THE ROSE AND POND LILY.

A beautiful rose on its branch was swaying,  
While bending its head, methinks, it is saying :  
“ My perfume is sweet, it is rich and most rare,  
No flower, in nature, can with me compare.”

A pond lily caught what the rose did impart,  
It wounded her deeply, it touched her soft heart—  
In answer, she said—“ You've a thorn in your side,  
If handled you'd pierce e'en the hand of a bride.”

"You dwell in a watery bed," said the rose,  
"No flower companion with you, ever grows,  
While I have the buttercup, peony and pink,  
And oft with these posies together I'm linked."

The lily replied, "You can do without me,  
But my bed's oft disturbed, which all plainly see;  
To add to your beauty and fragrance, each day,  
The waters are taken and send you the spray."

"From this learn a lesson, most beautiful rose,  
And know you depend on the streamlets that flow—  
Think—oft from a snake pond the water we trace,  
That helps you to show such a beautiful face."

"As children of nature we're sisters, you see,  
Our pathway, through life, very different may be,  
We all have a mission that we must perform,  
Our Father thus willed it, before we were born."

---

### THE SHIPWRECK.

Lost, all lost—not one was saved—  
Lost, all lost—they found a watery grave;  
Lost, all lost—not one remains to tell,  
The horrors of the sea, that on them fell.

Lost in the darkness—oh, that night—  
The dashing waves they swept us all from sight—  
Sunk in mid-ocean, was our ship and crew,  
And yet I live—ah, yes, my life is true.

Lost, all lost—no one was there left—  
Tossed on the waves, borne on the billows' crest—  
Fighting for life—clinging to the form—  
Thinking the end of life would come ere long.

Then, as from sleep, did I awake,  
Still I could hear those angry billows break—  
Groaning and moans, of comrades, on me fell—  
Lost, all was lost—none could the story tell.

Lost at sea—yet found a real life—  
Living to God, beyond all storms or strife—  
True life, immortal, to us all was given,  
Though from the mortal, we in haste were driven.

---

### THE BEGGAR.

A beggar, once by the wayside stood,  
For days he'd not tasted one morsel of food,  
He was poorly clad, and was shivering with cold,  
And yet this beggar was not so old.

A lady was passing along that way,  
And as she approached him, he tried to say:  
"Help—I pray you—I am very weak!"  
While the tears coursed down his pale, wan cheek.

This lady started, as if in surprise,  
And she peered right into the beggar's eyes—  
She exclaimed—"it is he—I thought he was dead—"  
'Tis he, who once, from justice fled."

She gazed on this beggar, so forlorn,  
His looks bespeaking the sorrows he'd borne,  
And raising her eyes, to heaven, she said,  
Oh, Father, is this my boy, I mourned dead?"

The beggar started, on hearing her voice,  
Each note in his soul with new life rejoiced—  
And his thoughts flew back to his boyhood days,  
Before he was torn from that voice away.

He seized the hand of that mother—then fell—  
 Ere his breaking heart could its story tell—  
 And while prostrate on the ground he lay,  
 The name of “Mother,” was the last he did say.

Long years of suffering, of sorrow and toil,  
 This beggar met, as he passed through the world,  
 He was marked at birth, and it left a scar,  
 That drove the boy from his home afar.

But, oh, how quickly that mother did see,  
 By the light of the eyes, that the beggar was he.  
 So every mother will know her own,  
 When they all shall be gathered in spirit-home.

---

#### HYMN.

*Tune, Hold the Fort.*

Hark! a voice from heaven sounding,  
 Floating through the air;  
 Angels back to mortals coming,  
 Bringing words of cheer.

#### CHORUS.

Give them welcome, they are coming,  
 From their homes on high  
 Telling us they're ever living,  
 And they do not die.

See! a mighty band advancing,  
 Bringing heavenly light;  
 Singing songs of joy triumphant,  
 Clothed in spotless white

CHORUS.

All victorious, now, the spirits,  
 Walk with mortals here;  
 Hallelujah, they have conquered,  
 Spirits do appear.

CHORUS.



## WEALTH.

They may talk of their luck, they may talk of their gain,  
They may talk of their wisdom and wealth,  
But the money, they're hoarding, will do them no good,  
And it oft leaves their pockets by stealth.

They will find that the money won't pay their way o'er  
The ferry where we all have to cross,  
And the boatman will laugh, when they offer him gold,  
For he knows it is nothing but dross.

Now, the fortune you need is a mind pure and good,  
And a heart full of love to mankind;  
Your purse must be filled, and your coffers, with truth,  
If a mansion in heaven you'd find.

---

## INVITATION TO TIM CONNORT'S WAKE.

Now Bidy, me darlint, git lave be out late—  
'Tis Holly-eve night, and Tim Connort we'll wake;  
I kin court ye and kiss, while they pass round the beer,  
And I belave, by me soul, poor Tim will be there.

Now Tim niver liked anything better before,  
Than to git the ould woman fernint the back door,  
Then out at the front he so aisy would slip  
And across to McGuire's, the glass he would tip.

So to-night he must lie there, and not fill his bowl,  
And his comrades so happy awaking his soul—  
The divil a bit of me it ever would scare,  
When we are smoking and sipping, if Tim should spake there.

Now Tim laves two gals by the wife he has got,  
It is Maggie and Katie, they will pass the drink out,  
And I hope they will come wid it often to me,  
For the diviler purtier gals did I see.

Now don't you be croaking and putting on airs  
But come to the wake, and be saying the prayers,  
Wid the rest of the friends, for the soul of poor Tim,  
For niver a man was more liked than was him.

---

*Given at Washington, D. C., Dec. 7, 1885, and read at the funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Sailer, an aged couple, who passed from mortal at the same time, being suffocated by gas in their sleeping room.*

Just inside the gate there standing,  
Waving good-bye back to earth—  
Singing—to their loved in mortal—  
“We now have our second birth.”

Quick, yes quick they left the earth plane,  
Hearts united, still they stand,  
Sending back their good-by kisses,  
They will still walk hand in hand.

With their loved they're now united—  
Youthful arms support will give,  
Lead them to the home of spirits,  
There, in joy, they all will live.

Severed ties once more united,  
Old hearts beat with youth again,  
Happy, now, at home forever,  
There together they'll remain.

Friends in mortal, give thanks joyful,  
That they traveled arm in arm,  
To the land of the immortals,  
Sing praise—they are free from harm.

Could you've seen the recognition,  
When they heard their loved ones say—  
"Come dear grandpa and dear grandma,  
Come to spirit home away."

List—the voices now are speaking—  
As a breath from heaven they come,  
Saying: "Loved ones can't be parted,  
We again will meet at home."

---

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY  
MANSIONS."

There's a place prepared in heaven,  
For man, ere he comes—  
Built while he is in the mortal,  
Built with deeds he's done.

Ask your Father for a mansion,  
Built of precious stones,  
E're you come prepare the raiment,  
Fitting such a home.

---

SUMMER LAND.

I would sing of a summer land to thee,  
Though it is not across the deep blue sea,  
'Tis a land of beauty, that's ever light,  
'Tis a land where the stars are always bright.

No dreaming poet has ever yet thought,  
Of a land so fair with such promise fraught  
Where the birds, of every color and tinge,  
Sing their sweetest notes as they spread their wings.

'Tis a land where the lulling zephyrs blow,  
To drive away care and the direst woe,  
Where Lydian airs play through the bowers,  
Like tranquil breath o'er the finest flowers.

Temples of jasper and onyx are raised  
From the wealth that the good and pure have saved,  
No Roman grandeur did ever compare,  
With this home, I sing of, in beauty rare.

This land, I sing of, is now the home,  
Of all who have passed the gates beyond,  
Their garments so pure they outvie the light,  
With sandals of gold that are ever bright.

I trow, as I sing, this land you will say,  
Must be in the heavens, far, far away—  
Ah, no, I sing, it is only a span,  
Where the deathless children of God are grand.

---

### THE NEW DISPENSATION.

Daughter awake—arouse thee from thy slumber !  
Behold the light—already day has dawned—  
Rejoice and sing—give praises to our Father,  
That from the tomb, the terror now has gone.

Exalt thy head, nor let it fall in sorrow—  
Give praise to God, that mists have cleared away—  
The sun is up, the heavens now glow with brightness,  
The angels came, they rolled the stone away.

Awake, awake ! put on thy garb of whiteness  
The spirits now can come and visit here,  
The grave is stripped, its gloom has now departed—  
The words, "*there are no dead*"—breaks on the ear.

## A STORY OF THE DELL.

'Twas summer, and the day was fine,

I started for a walk—

Then to the mountains I did go,

And with dame nature talked.

I knew the sun ere long would set.

It threw a mellow light,

On mountain side, and o'er the stream,

A grand picturesque sight.

So walking on, o'er rocks and crags,

I sought the hazel dell—

'Twas said there was a grotto near,

Where fairies once did dwell.

A stream of water trickling down

The mountain side, it fell

Upon a little bed of rocks,

'Twas named the fairies' well.

The gentle zephyrs fanned my face.—

I stopped—the sun had set,

The dews of heaven had begun to fall,

And I remained yet.

Wandering through the dell I saw,

Hanging rocks, like towers,

Forming a grotto, 'was sublime,

It was nature's bower.

The day was gone before I thought,

And darkness on me fell,

I hoped, to leave, but lost my way,

While walking through the dell.

I screamed, "I'm lost, do come to me"—

The echo mocked my cries—

So sitting down upon a stone,

I heard the night birds sigh.

All night in darkness there to stay,  
It was a fearful thought,  
I listened for the faintest sound,  
That on the winds was brought.  
When presently I felt a hand,  
It rested on my head,  
And loving murmurs breathed my name  
Said: "Husband I'm not dead."  
A form appeared and took my hand,  
'Twas radiantly light,  
And I could see the spirit there,  
So pure, so clear, so bright.  
It was my wife, I now could see,  
She bade me not to fear,  
Said—if I tried to live aright,  
The angels would be near.  
To guide me through the darkest night,  
And lead me all the day,  
And when the toils of life were o'er,  
With loved ones I would stay.  
The fleecy clouds, ere long did move,  
A dawning day appeared,  
I left the dell a wiser man,  
And no more darkness feared.  
I know I have not got to die,  
But when I go away,  
I'll meet my loved, who've gone before,  
There with them I will stay.

---

*Lines on Flowers sent by Mabel from Daisy's Wedding.*

Welcome, welcome, pretty flowers,  
Long the journey you have come,  
Pressed so tightly, hugged so closely,  
Safely you have reached my home.

Little fingers placed you gently,  
In the neatly folded sheet,  
Sent you as a marriage token,  
With great joy the bride we greet.

Pretty pansy—you are hiding  
Neath the fragrant pink, I see—  
Lily-cups and fern leaves tender,  
All in beauteous harmony.

Age has hurt your beauty, somewhat,  
True, you're but the faded flowers—  
Still we're taught, while we behold you,  
Life is changing every hour.

Pansy you retain your brightness,  
Bright your gold and purple hue,  
Like you, may the one that sent you,  
Have a life that's bright, all through.

---

### THE SHADOWY GLEN.

*From Colman.*

It was my night off, and I thought to stray  
Where the zephyrs would fan my cares away—  
My steps were bent towards the shadowy glen,  
'Twas said, there, that angels once talked with men.

As I journeyed on a form I could see,  
And I asked, of myself, "who can this be?"  
'Twas a cunning priest—he said, he would show,  
For a sixpence, the way that I'd best go.

He said—"Bad spirits often walked that way,  
They would, with their power, lead men astray."  
I asked him—"If spirits would ask for gold?  
If so, it was Satan, after my soul."

The old priest stared, then with a look profound,  
Said—"Beware, for my curse will sink you down,  
My blessing will point you the way to heaven,  
For sixpence I'll have your sins forgiven."

Just then a spirit appeared to my sight,  
He was clothed in garments all pure and white,  
His voice so soft, yet it was firm and clear,  
Said he—"Keep your money, you've naught to fear."

"The pathway," he said, "has often been trod  
By angels, they'll teach you the way to God—  
Your deeds are blessings or curses, 'tis true,  
But his curse don't fear, for it can't harm you."

I then looked for the priest, but he had gone—  
Left in the glen with the spirit alone—  
But I saved my sixpence, and now I know,  
That angels, from heaven, go to and fro.

---

*Congratulations from a Spirit on the marriage of*

*Mr. W. to Mrs. A.*

Hark! a wedding bell is sounding,  
'Tis inviting those to come,  
Who would see two hearts united,  
By a law that calls them one.

At an altar, each to other  
Plight their vows, with voice of love,  
Link anew the chain once broken,  
Witnessed by a court above.

Lo we bring congratulations,  
Though unseen, we wish you joy,  
Hoping that your lives, in mortal,  
Be as gold without alloy.



May your days be filled with sun-smiles,  
As the roseate month of June—  
Know you, where the thorns are sharpest,  
Fuller, better, is the bloom.

May the cloud-rifts all be scattered—  
May the sky show clear and bright—  
May you feel the happy presence  
Of your loved ones, just in sight.

May the higher power that guides you,  
Lead you upward, ever on,  
Where the spirit truth will teach you,  
How to build your future home.

Joyous spirits, brightest angels,  
Come and fill with joy your hearts  
Bring a blessing from the loved ones  
Who from mortal did depart.

---

*From Colman.*

Away, away, why haunt my fancy still?  
I meet the trace of thee where'er I go—  
I see thee in the ink and foolscap,  
All the blank leaves stare—  
I turn and wretched self is with me everywhere.

I sought to kill this gnawing book-worm in my heart,  
'Tis like a demon's spouse, so hard to part.  
But who is this I meet with whiskered face?  
Methinks it is the same my pen misplaced.  
A princely dame now comes, with injured pride.  
Here eyes, like torches, more than pierce my side,  
With dagger thrusts they penetrate my heart,  
Says she: "Your slanderous talk has placed thee where  
thou art."

Go back—undo the wrong you've done,  
Go to the prison, where foul air is strong—  
From *Post* and *Courier* say: that man is free,  
Your spirit then will sing its liberty.

For all the wrongs that man has ever done,  
For all the slanders that escaped his tongue,  
He must atone, if freedom he would gain,  
He cannot be consumed for lack of flame.

---

#### WE STARTED LIFE TOGETHER.

We started life together, John,  
More than fifty years ago,  
We've had sunshine and clouds, John,  
Some pleasure and some woe.  
We've traveled up the hill, John,  
And pulled a heavy load—  
God gave us strength to do so—  
O'er many a hard rough road.  
We've walked in darkness, too, John,  
Without one ray of light,  
To help us on our journey,  
But yet it all was right.  
We've knelt beside the grave, too,  
And thought our hearts would break,  
We were robbed of all we had, John,  
When God our child did take.  
But now we're gliding down the stream,  
Too old to pull the oars,  
The waters now are smooth, John,  
Soon we shall reach the shore.  
We have a light so clear, John,  
We shall know where to land,

And the child we lost, so long ago,  
Will take us by the hand.  
Our eyes will not be dim, John,  
Our locks will not be gray,  
We will climb the steps together, John,  
And with our darling stay.

---

### THE LITTLE STREET SWEEPER.

Oh, take me not back to the home of my childhood,  
Oh, take me not back to my place on the street,  
To beg or to steal while I'm sweeping the crossings,  
And asking of each one for something to eat.

In the rain and snow I could just make a living,  
By sweeping the crossings I could earn my bread,  
At-night how I suffered, I well do remember,  
I fell in the gutter,—they said I was dead.

I left my old rags, and I left my sick body,  
I saw a bright lady come down from the sky,  
She lifted me up—in her arms she did hold me,  
And said—"Little darling, you no more shall cry."

She led me away to a beautiful city,  
And dressed me in garments so clean and so white—  
The streets were so dry, and the lamps shone so brightly,  
I'm glad that I got there, that cold winter night.

---

### HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

One night, while sitting by the fire,  
I was dozing in my chair.  
Building castles for the future,  
But my castles were of air.

Listening to a patter, patter—  
And I thought the rain-drops fell—  
Wondering if the wind so dreary,  
Had a story it could tell.

Hark ! methinks I hear a rapping—  
Is it rain, or hail, or snow ?  
Tapping, tapping, gently tapping,  
Followed where my thoughts would go.

Listening, I ask the question,  
Of myself, “ what does this mean ? ”  
Not around these woods or gardens,  
Was a fairy even seen.

Then I went into the hallway,  
Yet the tapping still I hear  
So I summon up my courage  
Thinking I had naught to fear.

Walking out into the darkness,  
But when there the tapping stopped ;  
And I found it was not storming,  
I could not have heard the drops.

Then returning to the fireside,  
And reclining in my chair,  
Thinking that I was in error,  
That there was no tapping there.

Then again the tapping sounded,  
On a little table near ;  
And I ventured, asked the question,  
“ Is there any spirits here ? ”

Then I heard the tap, tap, tapping—  
And I said : “ What does this mean ?  
Are you ghost, or are you goblin ?  
Tell me, are you fairy queen ? ”

Then the answer came in tapping,  
Tapping long and louder too—  
“Can you tell me by your tapping,  
What it is that I should do?”

Soon I heard a voice behind me,  
Making all my hair stand straight,  
And I heard the tapping also,  
And the voice said—“*at the gate.*”

Away to the gate I hurried,  
It was dark, there was no light,  
For the moon and stars were hiding,  
In the clouds, that dismal night.

As I walked I heard a moaning,  
'Twas the sighing of a child—  
So I stopped, my footsteps faltered,  
Thinking I would wait awhile.

While I waited, in the darkness,  
Saying: “I’ll no farther go,”  
Came a form all bright and glistening,  
Yet the face was filled with woe.

When she spoke it made me shudder,  
Though her voice was soft and sweet,  
“*Come, I pray you, do not loiter,  
You are needed at the gate.*”

Hurrying on, but scarcely knowing,  
What to do, or how to go—  
Then I heard this spirit whisper,  
“*Baby’s lying in the snow.*”

There beside the gateway lying,  
Was a form, now stiff and cold,  
Cuddling up a tiny infant,  
'Neath the shawl, in broken folds.

Then I heard a little murmur,  
Come from underneath the shawl  
Of that mother, who in sorrow,  
Had lain down there with her all.

She had gone and left her baby,  
And she wanted me to know,  
That her baby—now my treasure—  
Soon must perish in the snow.

It was she who did the tapping,  
It was she who led me out,  
In the snow and in the darkness,  
'Twas she who followed me about.

Now I hear the tapping, tapping,  
And I welcome the glad sound.  
For I know that the good angels,  
In their beauty, hover round.

Underneath the weeping willow,  
In the little churchyard near,  
Lies the form of that lone creature,  
Yet her spirit lingers here.

As I write I hear her tapping—  
She has nothing now to say—  
Only—that she's very happy,  
With the angels, far away.

---

#### AN ANGEL BUD.

Oh, pretty bud, with love we do receive thee,  
For thou wast gathered ere the light did dawn  
Upon thy form, that was by nature given,  
Before thy breath a mother's cheek did warm.

Oh, lovely bud, the angels will watch o'er thee,  
They'll give to thee a spirit mother's care—  
Protect thee from all darkness, and from danger,  
Beneath our keeping there'll be naught to fear.

A name is given, by which we all shall know thee—  
And to thy earthly mother we will say—  
"Your little daughter is an angel, growing,  
Though out of sight, she is not far away."

For-get-me-not—that gentle name we call you,  
Thy earthly mother chose that name for thee,  
So as you grow in strength and full-blown beauty,  
Beside her bed, at night, you'll watch with me.

---

#### FROM A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

The bleak winds of winter were blowing,  
And snow was commencing to fall,  
The Sunday to many is dreary,  
But this one more dreary than all.

I started to church, just as usual,  
The sermon I thought to report,  
That day I shall ever remember,  
I could not report as I ought.

A man, with a rose-bud protub'rance,  
Had taken a seat at my side,  
Ere long I observed a commotion,  
'Twas a snore—his mouth opened wide.

The minister spoke of the lilies,  
He said that a sparrow had care,  
That God was above and knew all things,  
With man he had numbered his hairs.

My man started up in a hurry,  
Saying: "Friend, I'll believe what you say,  
You see my bald head, will you ask Him,  
What were the back numbers? I pray."

---

*Written by the control of Mrs. B., for Father Duff  
to his children and friends.*

Children and friends—look up, do not regret!  
Do not regret, or cherish grief!  
Mourn not for her—there is no earth found clinging  
to the heart—  
There's no reluctant sigh.  
No terror made her shudder, fearing to lose the way,  
But trusting to those who crossed before,  
There was no fear.  
Mother is not asleep—but as in twilight's chamber,  
Waits to view the beauties of her home,  
Where parting is no more.  
'Tis true, the shadow white, of death, is at your door—  
Let it not dim your sight.  
Sorrow's heavy tread, you hear,  
It grates upon the inmost feelings of your souls,—  
Let it not impress make.  
She has departed, to again revisit you—  
The home was all prepared—  
As lovers, once again, I did await my bride,  
And see the children, with a gleesome song,  
Give welcome to the happy home,



Where stained rays, as if through colored glass,  
Can not affect the radiance of eternity.  
Death now is torn to fragments,  
The lights and shades of well accorded life,  
In grandeur, now appear.  
Seek not relief in doubt !  
Nor fear, perchance, as if a tiger met her on the way,  
And tore his claws into her mortal flesh—  
It is not so—she passed as does a sigh,  
Not feeling any pain.  
The scream was not a pain, but joy—  
It was not a scorpion that she felt,  
But arms protecting her from harm ;  
Before the body ceased its work,  
Your mother was with me.  
Once more we are united—  
Once more we'll travel on the shore,  
And sing our reunited song,  
With those, our loved ones, here.  
Old year, we are immortal now !  
We cannot die with thee.  
Let no sad moans, though fragrant as the rose,  
Across the stream be blown ;  
Let echo's swell come back to us,  
O'er gliding waters,  
Bringing us thoughts, not those of sorrow,  
But that you're waiting for the morrow.  
When all shall come—be welcomed home—  
No more in sorrow have to roam.  
Think, when you press the marble lips,  
In happiness I press a kiss.

## THE ONE HORSE SHAY.

You've heard of the wonderful one horse shay,  
That was built so strong, in ye olden days,  
Where all the wood must be dried in a kiln,  
And sawed to shape without using a mill.

It lasted for many a year, 'tis true,  
'Twas bolted and braced, was fastened with screws,  
And now let me tell you, that one horse shay,  
Was heavy enough for a dray, to day.

The parsons, of ye olden time, went slow,  
Such shays for the present would never do—  
Now, over the road, with a horse of flame,  
Our clergy must go, if they'd win a name.

They enter the pulpit, the lecture field,  
And dabble with stocks, and with fortune's wheel,  
Yet still they say—“We are chosen by God,  
To save mankind, by expounding the Word.”

Do tell us, brother, when you was called,  
What were the commands, you must give to all?  
Would they soothe the sorrowing, sick and sore?  
Or spurn the beggar that came to your door?

When God called you, did he tell you to stand,  
Before an altar all gorgeous and grand?  
Did he say the poor your pockets must fill,  
As you was appointed to do His will?

Has the Word been changed, since ye olden days,  
When His chosen went in the one horse shay?  
The parson, then, had to work all the week,  
If he was clothed and had something to eat.

How times have changed, and the prices have raised,  
For man must now pay, if his soul is saved.  
The parson, he rides with a coach and four,  
While he scarcely points to the open door.

---

### THAT OLD ARM CHAIR.

I must say, I don't love, and I do not care,  
No longer I worship that old arm chair—  
I do not think, it a saintly prize,  
To bedew with my tears or adorn with my sighs.  
It would be such folly, you might call one weak,  
If scalding drops rolled down my cheeks—  
I do not love it, and I do not care,  
Who knows I don't worship that old arm chair.

I have looked far over that chair, and I see  
That my angel mother can come back to me;  
I treasure each word that I hear her say,  
It calls my thoughts, from her chair, away.  
She speaks with love of the days gone by.  
And speaks of the past without tears or sigh—  
She's happy and free from all worldly care,  
So I will not grieve o'er that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near,  
My mother's chair, with a listening ear—  
And now I wait for a rap on that chair.  
To tell that my mother is waiting there.  
She tells me to look to our Father, in prayer,  
And not let my hand bend to worship a chair—  
To thank Him for light, that a spirit can come,  
With word from our loved ones to cheer us at home.

## CHEATING THE OLD ONE.

Some witches and wizards met early,  
'Twas on a cold, bleak, winter morn,  
To talk of their fun at the frolic,  
Where their garments to shreds were torn.

And while they talked of their carousal,  
Were laying their traps for mankind,  
All started on hearing a rustling,  
'Twas the devil, came up behind.

Then quickly away they did scamper,  
One old witch astride of a broom,  
She flew through the air like a whirlwind,  
To hide from the rays of the moon.

At length, in her hurry and flurry,  
She fell to the earth, in a hole,  
By that fall she cheated the old one,  
And beat Satan out of her soul.

She heard him pass on with the others,  
And fearing he'd come back that way,  
Getting up was off in a jiffy,  
Was home ere the dawn of the day.

She spoke, as she left, in a whisper,  
"I've conquered the devil this time,  
If ever again he comes near me,  
Then, truly, the fault will be mine."

"I'll change every vestage this minute,  
I'll clear all the dross from my soul,  
I will say prayers at morn and evening,  
He'll think I was left in the hole.

## ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Day has declined, the evening shade approaches,

Let me return, in memory, o'er the past—

Angelic guide, oh, be thou ever near me,

Guide, thou, my thoughts while memory shall last.

Rock me to sleep—and let me dream while sleeping,

Dream of my loved, who've crossed the river Time—

Let me, in visions, see them standing near me,

Dream that their lips, in love, are pressed to mine.

Rock me to sleep—and let me dream of heaven,

Dream of the home where those I loved have gone—

Let me then see them, near the portal waiting,

Waiting to welcome me, when ere I come.

Rock me to sleep—when I shall leave the mortal,

Rest thou my pillow on an angel's breast—

Then as from dreams of joy, I shall awaken,

Dreams, then have past, with loved ones I'll be blest.



Friend, 'I am very happy to come here to you, and still more happy that I have a mortal under my control.'—COLMAN.

It is not with a pen of flame I come,

Nor am I trying to work up a boom—

Renown I'm not seeking, but as a friend,

My kindly greetings to you I extend.

I'm not presented with a titled name,

Yet still, as of old, I am feared the same—

Though now a ghost or a ghoul I am called,

And if seen in church I'd be feared by all.

While in the mortal reports I then made,  
And many a crown in my hand was laid,  
If I'd dross the devil in saints attire,  
And smother the flame to obscure the fire.

Say you—"What brought you to me that night?  
Are you still in darkness or have you light?"  
In answer I'll tell you—some copy I'd find,  
'Twas lost by neglect—it will ease my mind.

In other words—I have work to do,  
To prove in reporting, that life is true,  
Each time I come, I am paid with power,  
Helping to build, round my home, bright bowers.

---

### THE DYING MARINER.

Oh, comrade speak! will you tell me now,  
What place is this, that I see?  
With a light, so bright, on this dismal night,  
Do tell me where can it be?

'Tis a city—I now can see it plain,  
Its walls do glitter like stars,  
And the steps reach down, right close to the shore,  
I can see the gates ajar.

The city is built on a hill, I see,  
With a beacon-light on top,  
Oh, comrade, see! we are nearing the shore,  
So let your anchor drop.

Do listen and hear the sound—it comes  
From across the troubled sea,  
'Tis the splash of an oar, the life-boat's launched,  
They are coming after me.

I've clung to the wreck for many a day,  
Been dashed on the ocean wave,  
But my trust in God is firm to the last,  
I *know* that I shall be saved.

---

#### A PROPHECY.

The dawning day is now approaching fast,  
Ere long the spirits shall go forth,  
And by their teachings, they will shake the world,  
The wordy vaporings, that from pulpits flow,  
Shall come to naught, and into nothingness be hurled  
They then will take away the cross, and raise the crown  
Bedecked with jewels, from their homes above.  
They'll take the hand of him who has been crushed,  
And lead him up, and have him know and feel the power of love  
Ruler Supreme—let spirits go, with power,  
To raise the hope that has been crushed in man,—  
Materialize the words that they shall utter,  
To build Thy temple once on earth again.

---

#### LEAP YEAR.

One morn, in mid-summer, some nymphs were out bathing,  
At dawn, ere old Sol from his bed did arise;  
Yet Cupid was out, picking up his lost arrows,  
And seeing such beauty he was greatly surprised.

Then folding his wings, creeping close in a corner,  
To watch and to wait, ere an arrow he threw,  
When a nymph, of great beauty, came softly to him,  
A chain holding o'er him, said: "This is for you."

"I'll chain you, at once—you can now sheath your arrows,  
And keep them secured, till this chain I undo,—  
When leap year is ended, I'll come in the morning  
With lots of new arrows, all pointed for you."

---

TENNYSON.

*By Colman.*

On the beautiful Isle of Wight,  
There lives a spirit so very bright,  
A tireless toiler, a manuscript writer  
And his poems all nature would kiss.  
His language comes on with a flow,  
With ease, or apparently so,  
He was seeking for fame and with laurels it came,  
Though in agony oft of a compressed brain.  
Each word he composed he would handle alone,  
And place each thought as though it was stone;  
His method was good, and he done all he could  
To compose what would kindle a flame.  
He once took such infinite pains,  
To extract from his thoughts, that coursed through his brains  
A poem—the Princess, so deep and so rich,  
'Twas his favorite, his pet, little Lillian, the witch.  
The kings were his idols, his Gods, you see,  
And his Locksley Hall was bright as could be.



## COLMAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

Some say 'tis better for us to know  
A man and his ancestors, ere we go  
With him in sight of all the world.  
In few words, what I know of myself can be told.

In a cabin in Ireland, I was born,  
And I nursed my pap from a heifer's horn.  
My mother went off to the land of love,  
To bask in the realms of bliss above.

When a young spalpeen I left my home,  
And away to London, where mother was born—  
Her name was Tennyson, thus you see,  
How well I know who the poet must be.

I lived in England, a very long time,  
And edited books for her Majesty's line—  
I wrote a volume named Queen's Life Guards,  
Which brought me favors from subjects and lords.

---

## KIND WORDS FROM A SPIRIT.

## RECEIVED BEFORE RETIRING.

Ye Gods of quiet slumber and of sleep,  
Let Somnus take into his fond embrace, this night, our care,  
And hold the Fates beneath his watchful eye.  
Oh, Morpheus, play not thou a pandemonium through the  
brain!

Let Clotho stand beside their couch, with distaff free,  
To drive the demons from the thoughts,  
And keep Atropos back from severing the tie,  
That binds the life into its clay,  
So let them sleep until Aurora comes with day.

*Given by the control of Mrs. Blake, for Father Duff, on the  
Silver Wedding, of Mr. and Mrs. Bogart, Jan. 25, 1891.*

'Tis five and twenty years, since, hand in hand,  
You plighted vows, before the altar Hymen raised,  
To worshipers of love.

And still you hold ;  
No fancy wild has checked the wing,  
Though purple clouds have thrown their shadows  
O'er your lives—you still go on,  
Congratulations, now, we bring, while yet unseen,  
Participating in the joy which memory brings,  
Our happy spirits join you all.  
Behold ! now, amber glowing streams,  
Reflecting floods of light across the soul of love.

When as a blushing bride you stood,  
You did not think of pattering showers,  
That must appear, ere seeds of love could grow.  
Each day the sun is sinking deeper in the west,  
'Tis true—it too brings joy.

Give now the kiss—renew the vow—  
And as electric darts it thrills your lives,  
Let all your thoughts soar high,  
Beyond the moonbeams, clad with misty light.

Spirit of love—we ask you now to come,  
And seal again the vow.  
Oh, wondrous alchemy of heaven,  
Form, now, their lives anew—  
As luster leaves their eyes,  
And whitened locks may speak—  
Throw thou a spell around their hearts,  
That ne'er will broken be.  
In nectar dip their smiles,  
That ever more may last—  
Let sweet angelic notes, their souls with rapture fill—  
Shield them I crave thee, do,  
From Proteus' changeful moods.

Spirit of twilight—fan the evening gale,

With soothing zephyrs, gently, as they cross the vale  
Sprinkle the heavens with light, while here they stay  
So lead them safely, all the way.  
Come seraphs, from your spheres of love,  
To guide them on to homes above—  
Fix thou a star, with mellow ray,  
When sight is weak, they need not stray.  
Soften all sorrow, God of power,  
Let blessings come in heavy showers—  
Let lambent flames of joy and love,  
Attune their notes to praise above.

---

## WINOKA.

*To her Friends.*

From the sunny isles, where all is smiles,  
To the cloudy realms I come,  
To reach as in dreams, and throw a gleam  
Of light, in the darkened home.

I trace the way for those who may stray,  
As in fables lead them on—  
With a wand divine I touch their thoughts,  
And bid the evil begone.

I raise the thoughts beyond stars that shine,  
And open the temple door,  
With a mystic sound it will resound,  
I tell them to fear no more.

I bring them the oracles of truth,  
And prove by the empty grave,  
The stone is gone and the light at dawn,  
Shows loved ones risen and saved.

When spirits sigh, as I pass them by,  
For the loved they've left to pine,  
I teach them how to retrace their steps,  
Thus proving a law divine.

No shape is lost, though by tempests tossed,  
They've crossed the turbulent stream,  
And age assumes the beauty of youth,  
When light on their altar gleams.

My home is bright as a lustrous light,  
An altar of love there seen,  
The spirit of Truth ever fans the flame,  
And shows the temple clean.

I oft am asked what my garments are—  
All do not appear the same—  
If lives are right the garments are bright,  
Thus good lives should be our aim.

---

### TURNED OUT TO DIE.

Turned out to die—too old to work—  
Grazing along the road—  
Denied the comforts you should have,  
In pastures that are good.

For years you served your master well,  
Pulled many heavy loads,  
And ploughed his furrows, deep and long,  
By which he raised his food.

But never mind my poor old horse,  
He may be old some day,  
Perchance may wish before he goes,  
Once more to hear you neigh.

We all are traveling down hill now,  
But hope to climb again,  
For we must enter spirit life,  
Not always here remain.

Our Father made you, poor old horse,  
And you have been man's friend,  
Now, when you die, it does not seem,  
That your horse life must end.

More useful than all other brutes,  
You've proved yourself to be  
Sometimes, I think, in spirit life,  
My horse I there may see.











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